

# Way Too Strong

Bizzy Bone

DJ Unique. We need to take 'em back to the projects, man.  
Like 1988. Let me hit somethin' real quick. Mmmmm Hmmmm.  
Oh what? what? what? what? what? what? what?  
what? what? what? what? what? what? what? what? what?  
what? what? what? what?  
what...? We are way too strong.

(We in the projects projects, heeeyyyyy, yeah)  
I'm thuggish ruggish and way too strong, yeah.  
I'm thuggish ruggish and way too strong.  
(We in the projects projects, heeeyyyyy, yeah)  
I'm thuggish ruggish and way too strong, I said  
way too strong, i said way too strong.  
(We in the projects projects, heeeyyyyy, yeah)  
I'm thuggish ruggish and way too strong, yeah.  
I'm thuggish ruggish and way too strong.  
(We in the projects projects, heeeyyyyy, yeah)  
I'm thuggish ruggish and way too strong, way too  
strong, way too strong, way too strong...

Somebody hide my homeboy, and I'm prayin' those same old enemies try some  
drainel things. One of my friend's is comin' with or without ya.  
Plus I'm to flip out, then dissappear in the rain.  
Those sucka'z can sue me, do me, ain't seen a thing.  
Prison may make me loyal, murda may make me scream.  
I been bustin' with regime, fiend gonna rob me.  
For the love of money, cash all's around me.  
Rebel with a cause with a sawed off buck shot,  
good side, pass off five (if I) shot that boss,  
glass eye go cock, cock, glock. Watch man's life shall squash.  
Now I've struck like blood, pump like blood, pump like blood, (pump like blo  
od)..  
and so you wanna dollar, make a triple dollar bill, but whats your salary  
wanna come holler, and then go fall..when you talk, got you runnin' with the  
chance to be the killer when the federal genaral's on a mission nigga it's  
to win and fuck em' all  
(I'm a Thuggish Ruggish said and way too strong)

Projects like Y-A, sell rocks, slide in my low-low, fo' sho'.  
Grab my pesos, compadre. Slow down, (aww shit).  
Don't take my photo, in a mo-mo, lookin' out the window with a four-four.  
Why you roll solo? Cuz don't nobody know what I know, fo' sho'.  
Buy my weed hoes, Little Eazy tell Jesus to let me be.  
I drink Hennessey till I can't see. Where's my regime?  
Smack, Pennsylvania, my ends low, I'm still in my Lexus smokin' perfectos,  
pumpin' petro. Baby, let's go, I got death notes,  
Till the rap flows, in the wind (wind), tinted up again (again),  
in '89 on twins (twins). Tell my secret to the moonlight,  
praise God makin' my tomb right.  
To my friends, hop out the Benz if you are envious of my ends.

Envious (envious), well they're just no-one (just no-one).  
Envious (envious), well they're just no-one (just no-one).  
Envious (envious), well they're just no-one (just no-one).  
Envious (envious), remember, remember, remember?  
End it all for the kids,  
mama wanna know what I did when I had no place to live.

Addicted to Ghetto violence, me and my nigs,  
gimme a swig, kick that (ssshhhh).  
And the devil strikes on the runway to L.A.  
I remember the day, with Little Eazy and Krayzie.  
History in the makin', finally made it.  
Man I can't wait to get paid and I signed at 17.  
Fuckin with my thugs, we thought we had it made.  
I better wake up. But I was young and drunk off the Henn,  
and so was my friends. Then I ended up broke with platinum records.  
No not again. Then, then, then, then, then will the end begin.  
Nobody knows, cuz bitches don't suppose, and it might be 1999,  
Then it might be 2000 and 4. Baby let's roll for the 7th sign  
(seven, seven, seven, seven).  
Man they don't know, I started this in '85.

[Chorus 2x]